

# The DAUGHTER of DAVID KERR

By Harry King Tootle

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## SYNOPSIS.

Gloria Kerr, a motherless girl, who has spent most of her life in school, arrives at her father's home in Belmont. David Kerr is the political boss of the town, and is anxious to prevent his daughter from learning of his real character. Kendall, representing the Chicago packers, is negotiating with Judge Gilbert, Kerr's chief adviser, for a valuable franchise. They fear the opposition of Joe Wright, editor of the reform paper.

## CHAPTER III.

As Judge Gilbert was about to enter his front door, having accompanied Mr. Kendall as far as the gate, he saw a carriage stop in front of the house. The man who got out and came up the walk he recognized instantly. None the less he did not walk like the David Kerr of yesterday; he seemed in every motion as he came into the light cast by the porch lamp to be the David Kerr of ten years hence. Realizing that only something unusual could bring the master of Locust Lawn out at night, and to his house, too, the lawyer went down the porch steps to meet his visitor.

"Good evening, Mr. Kerr," was Gilbert's greeting. "This is an unexpected pleasure."

"Evening, Amos. Can I see you alone? I don't want to be interrupted."

"We can go into the library. No one will disturb us there."

To this Kerr made no reply. He tolled heavily up the steps and into the house. Gilbert's surprise increased on finding, when his visitor removed his overcoat, that he had on evening clothes. It was more an intuitive feeling than observation which made Gilbert understand how uncomfortable the boss found his unaccustomed raiment.

As Kerr walked through the hall and into the library, his own thoughts did not weigh so heavily upon him as to prevent him from satisfying his curiosity by gazing about him. It was the first time in his life that he had ever set foot in Gilbert's house. The invitation had been extended many times, but Kerr knew his social limitations and had always refused.

The judge pushed forward a big leather chair and into it Kerr dropped without a word. His hands rested listlessly on the arms of his chair, the bosom of his shirt was rumpled and bulged out of his waistcoat, and he gazed dully at the fire in the grate. Gilbert had never seen him in such a condition before. Until now he had always been the man of iron, accepting his many triumphs and his few minor defeats in the same imperturbable manner.

"I tried to get you by telephone several times today," Gilbert began. "I know it, but I wasn't in the mood for nothin'." The very tone in which he spoke betrayed that fact.

"I promised Kendall I'd call you up in regard to the new franchise he's anxious for you to support."

"That'll keep."

"I told him that personally I could not be interested."

This drew no answer from the boss. Gilbert made no further attempt at making conversation and for a time the two men sat in silence. When Kerr launched his first question it seemed apropos of nothing.

"How long you been in Belmont, Amos?"

Gilbert's brain went through a series of rapid thought transitions in an effort to divine whether the question led. He was accustomed to Kerr's interrogatory methods, but everything was so out of the ordinary this evening that he tried his best to fathom the boss's purpose, before, in his usual indirect fashion, he disclosed the object of his visit. The question was one easily answered, albeit with some surprise.

"Why, a little more than twenty years."

Kerr continued to gaze into the fire, seemingly oblivious to his surroundings. Gilbert could not have sworn that the boss had heard him reply. Then came another question, still seemingly apropos of nothing.

"Remember your first office—after you quit keeping it in the top of your hat?"

"Yes, very well. I paid you two dollars a week for desk room in a corner of your real estate office—in that same old office you still have on Fifth street."

"That's what I charged you—but I don't guess you've got a receipt for every week. Was it you or Bill Stoner in them days used to use my big atlas for a ironin' board?"

"Both of us, I believe."

Kerr moved restlessly in his chair, then went on.

"Many's the time I've opened that book to show a man the plot of an addition and out would drop your other handkerchief. I guess the mirror in your room wasn't big enough to hold a handkerchief on your wash day." He looked about the library, absorbing its quiet elegance. "Things mighty different now, ain't they?"

"Then I was struggling to get a start."

It seemed to be a monologue Kerr was delivering. His questions were answered, but he made no sign that he heard. His remarks were delivered at random, and he never took his gaze from the fire, except the one time he had looked about the room to note the contrast of the present with the time when Gilbert had first come to Belmont.

"Bout that time you wanted to get married to a mighty nice girl."

"Yes, that was about the time I was elected prosecuting attorney."

"Exactly," then after a pause, "and you got married."

Gilbert could not understand the drift of the conversation, but he recognized that Kerr was reviewing the past step by step.

"Then I gave up my desk in your office, and moved to the courthouse."

"But you still came to see me, Amos."

This was said as quietly as had been his previous remarks. Taken by itself it was a harmless utterance, but in connection with what had gone before it was of great significance. Yes, Amos Gilbert, the rising young prosecuting attorney, had gone to see David Kerr after he had moved his office to the courthouse. The boss let that remark sink in well before he asked.

"After that how long was you on the bench?"

"Six years."

"Is that so? I hadn't an idea it was that long. What made you give that up?"

"I had a family on my hands and needed more money. I didn't run again, you remember, because I wanted to be attorney for the new street railway company."

Kerr seemed to be revolving something in his mind, for it was some time before he reminded Gilbert of a step in his rise which he had not mentioned.

"I thought you was lawyer for one of them crowds that was fightin' for a franchise."

"Well, we got the franchise."

"That was what Kerr wanted to bring out."

"Exactly. And you're still their lawyer."

"Yes."

"And for the water company," mused Kerr. "And for the electric light company. And you still come to see me, Amos."

"Why, yes, Mr. Kerr, I'm not unkind of."

Kerr seemed to throw off some of the gloom in which he had appeared to be wrapped as he interrupted the attorney.

"This time, Amos, I've come to see you. It's the first time I've ever been in this house."

"Well—Mr. Kerr—I—" stammered Gilbert.

The boss pulled himself together in his chair, sat up straight and looked at Gilbert.

"But you've got a telephone." Then he added in a gentler tone: "That's all right, Amos, I've always understood." It seemed to be with an effort that he continued, "I'm going to tell you some things that you know, and some things that you don't know, and some you've guessed, and some I've thought nobody'd ever have to know. 'Bout the time you come here I was married, and my wife died on giving birth to a girl."

"Gloria."

"Yes, Gloria. I was just gittin' into politics. Things might've been different if my wife had lived. It didn't seem long before there I was with a big girl on my hands—me, David Kerr." The old feeling of power surged through him as he added with spirit, "If it had been a boy!"

This thought held him silent for a minute, and when he took up the thread of his story again it was the old weary tone.

"Well, it wasn't. There I was with a girl on my hands. Her mother didn't have any relatives. Her father was a minister, same's my father was. I didn't have anybody, either. I could send her to. I kept her as long as I could, but by that time my house—even in the country—wasn't a fit place for a child—specially a girl. So I sent her away to school and she ain't been back since. I reckon Belmont's

forgot about her. I gave her plenty of money, but she never knew anything of my—transactions. She thinks I made it all in real estate."

"Then she doesn't know—"

"That's the hell of it—she don't."

Kerr could sit still no longer. He pulled himself out of his chair and stood with his back to the fire and directly facing Gilbert. "All these years I've acted a lie. I've made Gloria believe I'm the leading man in Belmont. I am—but not in the way she thinks. It wasn't because I loved her; I can't say I do, 'cause I don't know her well. I ain't been east to see her for a couple of years. It was pride made me tell her that; that's what it was, pride. I wanted my girl to have what I'd missed. I didn't want her to know."

He lapsed into silence, which he finally broke himself with the explanatory remark:

"Gloria thinks I'm the social leader of Belmont; that the whole town hangs breathless on what I say shall be the fashion at pink teas."

"Hasn't she often wanted to come back?"

Kerr was not to be hurried. He began to pace up and down in front of the fireplace. When he paused, the lawyer, to secure a continuation of the story, said:

"Well?"

"This morning she came home."

Now Judge Gilbert understood; yet he could scarcely believe it possible.

"What! Gloria here!"

"Yes, here," echoed Kerr. "Come home, that's what she calls it. She's been visiting school friends since she came back from Japan, and had just started to California when the party fell through when they'd got to St. Louis. So she jumped on the train and came to Belmont unannounced—to surprise me."

So here was Gloria in Belmont. It was more than embarrassing. Gilbert recognized that it was tragic. Kerr never mentioned his daughter, and Belmont had almost forgotten her existence. Much that the boss had told the lawyer was news to him. Gloria Kerr, the little girl, had been allowed to slip out of his mind and he had come to regard the political leader, just as every one else did, as a thing apart, as a power almost as impersonal as the force of gravity or the freezing of water. The easy boss was regarded as just as much a Belmont fixture as was the river which flowed past the town, and those good people who laid aside the rose-colored spectacles of Belmont's laissez faire doctrine felt that it would be just as easy to remove one as the other.

The lawyer in Gilbert now rose to the surface and he began to question Kerr just as he would a client. The girl was here. The only thing now to discuss was what to do with her.

"She can't help but learn the truth!" Gilbert exclaimed at last.

He sank back in his chair, overcome by the weight of the problem. On the wall, where he could see it,



His Remarks Were Delivered at Random.

hung the picture of his own laughter, Julia, now away at school, and the bitterness of the whole thing was brought home to him all the more poignantly because he, too, was a father.

The hopelessness of Gilbert's tone when he declared Gloria would learn the truth if she remained roused Kerr to his old self. When he had entered the room he seemed crushed beyond recovery. Now he suddenly developed all the spirit, all the calm resourcefulness, which he had ever displayed when listening to the report of some political revolt which would call forth his latent strength.

"She must not know," he replied with all his old dominance. "Listen to me, Amos Gilbert—that girl must be recognized. I know what people say of me, and I've abided by the verdict. I ain't been no hypocrite. I've played a man's game, and I've dealt with men. I ain't asked nothin' of your women folk, but now I do. I'm bringing Belmont a girl any of you could be proud of. She's got to be taken up by the right people—I've kept

her away all these years, and she don't know my story, and I don't intend she shall. She's the equal of any girl in Belmont, and, by God, she'll have an equal chance."

"What can I do?" asked Gilbert.

It was for this Kerr had waited. It was for this moment that he had called the past to mind. He had wanted Gilbert to have before him the many obligations under which he rested. It is true that he could have commanded, but he was too much the easy boss to issue orders where he could hold forth a glittering reward as the price of valuable services. To the ward heeler the word of the boss is a fetish to be blindly worshiped. To his few leading lieutenants the command is coated with sugar which has a negotiable value. Gilbert having asked what he could do brought Kerr at once to the arrangement he had planned whereby the lawyer would profit through the introduction of Miss Kerr to society.

"I've made bargains all my life, Amos—tonight I make one with you. Prosecuting attorney, judge, corporation counsel, with all the money you've made—"

At this Gilbert made a disparaging gesture which caused Kerr to add, "in fees—with all the money you've made, you still fall short of the riches that'll purchase real freedom. I know how you stand, and things are pretty much in the balance."

"Think what it means to your daughter, money." As he spoke he pointed to the girl's picture. "It's leisure, travel, friends abroad, an assured future. I can give them to you, I, David Kerr; and I will—on one condition. Gloria Kerr must have the place she thinks is hers in Belmont."

He paused to let the lawyer grasp the importance and the value of such an undertaking, and then disclosed the means by which the fortune was to be secured. If a man should ever pay another out of his own pocket for such a service he would be a philanthropist and not a political leader; Kerr was certainly not the former, and his life training had never caused him to separate a dollar from his own bank account when he could extract it without pain—to him—from some one else.

"For this one thing," he exclaimed, "I give freely into your hands any franchise you may draw for the stock yards belt line railway. Disguise it as a street railway line to run down Maple avenue. Make what bargain you like, five hundred thousand, a million dollars, it's worth it. And always remember, I'm back of you."

The possibilities of the scheme overwhelmed Gilbert. What he was to do for Kerr, even the fight for the franchise, did not enter his mind. He was busy thinking of the freedom he could purchase in so short a time. All that he had ever dreamed of could be brought to pass. Kerr, who knew almost to a dollar the financial standing of every man in Belmont, was well aware that Gilbert had been hard hit in several stock exchange transactions, so badly in the last one that he had called upon the boss for assistance. Yet he had just told Kendall that he would have nothing more to do with that kind of work. He had begun to develop a conscience—for Julia's sake, perhaps, for his daughter's future—and here came Kerr who wanted him to go down once more into the maelstrom of shady politics for the sake of his daughter.

His gratitude for what Kerr had done for him was great enough to cause him to do anything for Kerr's daughter he could, but since the boss had put it up to him and he had back of him all the boss's power, he began to wonder why he should not accept the opportunity to make a fortune quickly. It had been held out to him as meaning leisure, travel, friends and a rosy future for his Julia. He longed for those things for himself, no less, and here was the chance of his lifetime. He would know how to make those Chicago schemers pay well for the legal advice he would give them.

"It won't be easy," said Gilbert finally.

Kerr had won his first victory. The lawyer had surrendered.

"That's why I came to you," was the boss's answer, a reply charged with subtle flattery. Gilbert really did represent in his autocracy the best element; a smug set, perhaps, but still the best. To other lieutenants were delegated hammer and tong jobs; Gilbert was the instrument when finesse was required.

"There's a certain element, Mr. Kerr, it will be hard to win over—that wholesale clique. You have no direct dealing with the men, and—well—that is—you see, they don't know you and they might not be interested in Gloria. They're a clanish lot."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Made His Speech Too Long. Little Herbert, aged five, was invited to a party, and before leaving home he was cautioned to be sure to say "Thank you" to the hostess and tell her he had a nice time. On leaving he said to the hostess: "Thank you very much. I had a nice time, and your supper was good enough."

At the Exhibition. A girl and a young man, visiting the Futurist exhibition in the Sixty-ninth Regiment armory, paused before a painting by Henri Rousseau—a canvas fairly crusted with slathers of every color of the prism.

"This is a Henri Rousseau—in his later manner," explained the girl. "He died two years ago. Do you get his message?"

"Not exactly," said the young man. "but I'll bet four dollars he died of a painter's colic."—New York Post.

## WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

### HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

Interesting Items Gathered From All Parts of the World Condensed Into Small Space for the Benefit of Our Readers.

### Washington.

Representative Moore of Pennsylvania, the father of eight children, has introduced in the house a resolution designating June 1 as Father's Day, with the rose as its emblem.

Chairman Glass of the house banking and currency committee was authorized to appoint a substitute committee to make thorough investigation of the subject of rural credits and agricultural loans.

Another note of protest in the Californian anti-alien controversy has been dispatched to the United States by Japan. The text has not been published, but it is understood that it is accepted, it will necessitate a new treaty between the two countries.

One of the unique cases to come before the supreme court during the session which begins in a few days is one which the court will be called upon to determine the parentage of the "incubator baby" viewed by thousands at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis. Mrs. Lottie Bleakley of Topeka, Kan., claims to be the mother of the two-pound mite.

Chairman Simmons of the senate finance committee estimates the revenues under the new tariff bill to July 1, 1914, at \$1,029,000,000, leaving a surplus of \$16,000,000.

The creation of a subcommittee to start immediately on an investigation of agricultural financing has been agreed to as the result of recent conferences between President Wilson, Secretary Houston, Representative Underwood, Democratic floor leader in the house, and Representative Glass, chairman of the banking and currency committee.

### Domestic Items.

A rainstorm that reached almost cloudburst proportions fell at New York, establishing a record precipitation that flooded streets, tied up the subway, hampered surface and elevated traffic in city and suburbs for several hours, and caused property loss that can scarcely be estimated. Two persons were killed and several injured.

Two drug crazed mulatto boys, brothers, began a reign of murder at Harrison, Miss., that ended only after three white men, four negro men and a negro woman had been killed, twenty persons wounded and the two boys lynched. A serious clash between the races was prevented by the arrival on a special train of a company of national guards from Natchez.

Floods in southwest Louisiana have reached severe proportions. Lake Charles is in darkness and without street car service, high water having put the power plant out of commission.

A quarter million dollar corporation is being formed in St. Louis, it is said, to take over practically all the undertaking and livery establishments in the city.

The cost of living on June 13, was approximately 60 per cent higher than the average between 1890 and 1900; more than 3 per cent higher than it was a year ago, and nearly 15 per cent higher than it was two years ago.

Reports received at Austin, Texas, from various points along the Gulf Coast from the Sabine river on the east to the Rio Grande on the south, more than 700 miles, tell of destruction wrought by unprecedented floods.

Five persons were injured, one severely, when two heavily laden street cars crashed head-on at Fort Smith, Ark., in a dense fog. One of the cars was waiting on a siding and the other jumped a switch.

The city of Lincoln, Neb., will enter the commercial lighting field October 15, furnishing electric current to the small consumer at nine cents per kilowatt hour in competition with the 13 cent rate charged by the two lighting companies already established.

The United States Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit, sitting in Denver, Col., will ask the United States Supreme Court for a ruling on the question of the right of a President of the United States to withdraw public lands from entry.

Mrs. Ida Leckwood was arrested in Minneapolis, Minn., charged with murdering two of her children. According to the police, the woman not only has confessed to killing the two of which she is accused, but four others as well.

Hydrophobia has caused the death of John Denton, an Oklahoma oil country worker, who was bitten by a dog a few days ago. Denton was on his way to work when a strange dog attacked and bit him severely on the arm.

## FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Dottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

### Interested.

Husband (at the police station)—They say you have caught the fellow who robbed our house night before last.

Sergeant—Yes. Do you want to see him?

Husband—Sure! I'd like to talk to him. I want to know how he got in without waking my wife. I've been trying to do that for the last twenty years.—Judge.

## INDIGESTION, GAS OR BAD STOMACH

Time it! Pape's Diapiesin ends all Stomach misery in five minutes.

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Diapiesin, let this down: Pape's Diapiesin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is disordered, you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapiesin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food.

Go now, make the best investment you ever made, by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapiesin from any store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or bad stomach. Adv.

### Light on an Old Subject.

Dentist—Now, open wide your mouth and I won't hurt you a bit.

The Patient, after the extraction—Doctor, I know what Ananias did for a living now.

## CHILDLESS WOMEN

These women once childless, now happy and physically well with healthy children will tell how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made it possible. Here are the names and correct addresses—write them if you want to, and learn for yourself. They are only a few out of many thousands.

"Our first baby is strong and healthy and we attribute this result to the timely use of your Compound."—Mrs. FRED YONAS, Kent, Oregon.

"I owe my life and my baby's good health to your Compound."—Mrs. W. O. SHERMAN, R. F. D., No. 2, Troy, Alabama.

"I have three children and took your Compound each time."—Mrs. J. H. HOWARD, Wilmington, Vermont.

"I have a lovely baby boy and I can tell every one that he is a 'Pinkham' baby."—Mrs. LOUIS FISCHER, 32 Monroe St., Oakstead, N. J.

"We are at last blessed with a sweet little baby girl."—Mrs. G. A. LAFFERTY, Montague, La.

"I have one of the finest baby girls ever saw."—Mrs. C. R. GOODWIN, 1612 S. 6th St., Wilmington, N. C.

"My husband is the happiest man alive today."—Mrs. CLARA DARRACK, 357 Marilla St., Buffalo, N. Y.

"Now I have a nice baby girl, the joy of our home."—Mrs. DO. STYVA COLE, No. 117 So. Gate St., Worcester, Mass.

"I have a fine strong baby daughter now."—Mrs. A. A. GILES, Dewittville, N. Y., Route 44.

"I have a big, fat, healthy boy."—Mrs. A. A. BAXTER, R. F. D. No. 1, Baltimore, Ohio.

## MOST CORRUPT IN THE WORLD

Russian Police, From Chief to Merest Messenger, Are Declared to Live on Bribes.

"The Russian police," declares an Englishman who has spent much of his life in the land of the Czar, "are the most corrupt in the world. There is a definite tariff on thieves over there; pickpockets are practically licensed. The police go regularly to entertainments where crowds congre-

gate to receive their premium from the thieves. Practically every police official from the chief down to merest messenger is bribed. They not only graft upon the thieves, but from fallen women as well. The government is helpless to deal with the situation and it is allowed to go on unchecked.

"You see, the government officials know that if they attempt to interfere they would be killed. If the Czar tried to bring about any reform he would be assassinated by the police and their agents. The officials know

that it would bring down the entire governmental structure about their ears, so they let the grafting go along unmolested. It is like that all over the empire, a veritable cancer. Bad as the police graft in America is, it is nothing in comparison to Russia. The empire is honeycombed with it.

"Almost everything can be done in Russia with bribes and the same thing has been going on for centuries. Even in the middle ages the peasants lived under a system of graft similar to that of today."